# The Heart of By Vingie E. Roe Night Wind Illustrations by Ray Walters

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST

CHAPTER I.

Out of the Vine Maples.

painted shacks of the lumber camp fetleck and pastern. buddled above its rollway. It was When she tooked up again she the magnificent timber country of the smiled at the man frankly, her anger great Northwest.

Siletz was wondering, as she always south, how far it was to that Frisco of which she had heard so much from the tramp loggers who came and went | way." with the seasons, their "turkeys" on their backs and the joyous liberty of their eccentric souls

Over the facing ridge she knew ! that the cold Pacific roared and see it from the top!" coaxed on the ships, to play with them could hear it sometimes when the the slope pines were still; yet she had never seen it.

knew only nature, though she had lumber camp had seen a queer lot.

apex of the Hog Back.

ently the slim trees parted and out stays. every few steps it turned its head to way he had come right or left with the instinct of the mountain breed to zigzag, and as often looking up, her face illumined by that these amazing words. An unexpressed the man in the saddle pulled it sharp .

With the first sight of the intruders the girl on the high stump had sprung up, leaning forward, a growing excetement in her face. It was the horse that caused it. Semething was stirring within her all suddenly and her heart best bard. She gripped her braids tight in both hands and awal-

"Blunderer," she said aloud. "Oh. the blunderer!"

Then she cupped her bands at her tips and called down: "Let him alone" He knows how to climb! Let him

The man looked up startled, and tightened his grip on the rein. The gallant animal went down upon its eide, ralling completely over, to lodge teet downward, against a stone. The nan sweng sidewise out of the saddle. saving himself with a splendid quickness. Before he could gather himself for action the girl tore down upon

"What have you done?" she cried wildly, "what have you done to it?" She tropped on her knees and her hands went fluttering over the black head in a very passion of pity, touching the white star on the forehead. smoothing the quivering nostrils.

grasser. Nothing could go straight sionate longing for the big black be-

saw they were burning behind a film | mammoth mongrel | They two stood of tears. He saw also what gave him together in a subtle comradeship s strange feeling of shock-s fairt, which struck him by its isolated suffiblue tracery extending from the left ciency. corner of her lips downward nearly to the point of the chin, a sharply broken fragment of a tattooed design. Her eyes were very dark and her bair. parted after the first fashion of woman, was straight and very dark also.

The accusing words irritated him. tag could-in such a country. Stan! the trail, sturdy men in spiked boots back, please."

Stletz looked up at him and instinclively rose to her feet, though '1." They trooped down to the cook-shack, silm body was alert with an uncon- a long building of unpainted pine, its scious rendiness for prevention of two side doors leading, the one into something.

, inck a head, tightened the rein a bit and clucked encouragingly. "Come up." he said sharply,

The horse stretched its head for the heat of the great steel range ward arched us neck gathered its!

feet and forebed mightify upware finding difficulty and floundering little by reason of the stone which be Siletz sat, her knees drawn up to saved it from rolling down the mout her chin, on the flat top of a fir tain. It placed its feet gingerly, brasstump. Beside her lay Coesnah, heavy ing against the declivity, shook itself muzzle on huge paws, his eyes as pale vigorously, drew a good, long breatly as the girl's were dark. They were and turned its soft nose to investigate hill-bred both. Perhaps that account the girl. With a little gurgling cry ed for the delight both found in the her hands went out again to caress solitude of this aeric, where they it, hungrily, forgetful of the man, her could look down toward the west on face alight with the joy of its escape the feathery, green sea of close-packed from injury. She smiled and passed pine and fir, of spruce and nemiock- her hands fleng the high neck, over small table stood before a window. and toward the east on the narrow the shoulder, down to the knee, bend , with a rocking chair in proximitystrip of tide-water slough and the un- ing to finger with a deft swiftness the

"He's all right, but you want to give did, how far the mountains run to the him the rein. He knows how to go up all right. All Oregon horses can climb if you give them their time and

He slipped the bridle over his arm "I'm looking for Daily's lumber I'd like," the irresponsible forever tugging at camp. Can you tell me how to get there and how near I am?"

"It's right over the ridge. "Thanks." he said, lifted his soft.

in the hell of Vancouver coast. She gray hat perfunctorily and turned up open spaces left in the expanse of He took the ascent straight, with a here and there, always a sensible

She had pictures of it in her mind felt a slight pull on the reins toward or the men themselves. She was put many pictures. She knew well how the left, which slackened immediately ting a plate of cookies, sugar-sanded. it would look when she should see to repeat itself to the right. The black with currants on top, between Jim it-a gray floor, a world of it, shot was trying to zigzag in the narrow Anworthy and a black-haired Pole, through with the reds and purples of play of the confining bridle. After an when a foot struck the step at the a tardy sun. Of the cities she had interval that tried him severely in west door. There was something in so clear pictures. They were artificial, muscle and breath the stranger the sound that drew every head man-made, therefore alien to her, who reached the sharp crest of the ridge around at once. A stranger stood listened intently to roamers from ev- ing slough, the yellow huddle of the the jambs.

ery corner of the globe; for Dally's camp, the toy railway, with its tinv engine the donkey whose puffing rose twenty-five or six, well set up, with it all resolved itself into these in a white spiral, the rollways and straight shoulders above narrow hips dreams when she sat on the edge of the buge log trail winding up the and a polse that claimed instant ata fir stump, or, better yet, in the ex other slope like a giant serpent. Even tention. He removed his soft hat, alted cloud-high airiuess of the very as he looked there came the staccato holding it in his hand, while his toots of the whistle-bob whose invis- bright, blue eyes looked impersonally There had been no sun, neither to ble line crept away into the bills over the room. Over his shoulder a day nor for many days; and yet there above the cables, the engine got down pair of big dark ones peered anxiouswas as surely prescience of approach- to work with a volley of coughs, the ing hight as if shadows forewarned spools screamed and the great steel Biletz had hoped for a break, one of rope lifted heavily along the trail.

those short pageants when the sun | Presently a long, gray shape, ghostshould shoot for a moment into the ly and sinister, came creeping over the gloom transfiguring the world Now, lower ridge, gliding down the face of as she scanned the west, the dog sud | the hills, silent, relentless, a varitable dealy rose from beside her, peering thing of life. He leaned forward, down with his huge head thrust for- watching it come to rest above the ward, his pendulous cars swaying. A rollway, halt a little while the antilke hundred feet below in a tangle of vine men darted here and there, and then maple something was laboring. Pres | roll sidewise into position against the

of their tangle struggled a horse, a When the small play of the woods magnificent black beast with flaring was over, just us be started down he pany—or most of it." he said clearly, nostrils and full, excited eyes. After gianced involuntarily back along the "and I've come to stay. Where shall Then a resolute strength tightened harm, and it may mean just the dif-



Why didn't you let him climb his light he had noticed, and he was quick own way? He knew-he's a bunch- enough to comprehend that it was pashind him. She had forgotten his pres-She raised her eyes to him and he ence. Out of the terms had crept the

### CHAPTER II.

An Amazing Arrival.

It was quitting time-quitting time in the coast country, which means whatever time the light fades. Pres-"You're right," he said coldly, "noth- ently the loggers came creeping down laced to the knee, blue flannel shirts, and, for the most part, cordurova the dining room, the other sheltered

But the man only stepped to the by a rude porch, into the kitchen. Inside, "Ma" Daily, a white-haired general of meals and men in their or der, creaked heavily from oven to pine sink, her placid face flaming with The enting room was long and nar

Market and the contract of the ow, its pine floor innecent of cover g. From end to end ran two long ables, near in white elleloth, with in ervals of catchep bottles, pepper auce, sugar bowls; cream pitchers and solidly built receptacles for salt and pepper. Along both edges stood an army of white earthenware plates.

forks and tin spoons At the west, beside an open door, was a high pine desk littered with papers, a telephone bung at one side. A one of those low, old-fashioned rock ing chairs that old womer use, and that invariably hold a patchwork cushion with green fringe, and a white snitted tidy. That rocker was part of at random through the book. Daily's camp. It had followed the march of progress as the camp cut its way into the bills.

to say, "though land knows I don't raised a son-" As if in answer to the heartily, "an' phat d'ye t'ink av the get to set in it more'n a quarter what whimsical words, the fragile leaves West Coast now?

As the leggers slid noisily on to the benches, their caulks giving up the mud they had held purposely for the swept floor, Siletz came and went, setting the substantial viands in the white oilcloth. She exchanged a word certain grimness of purpose Soon he word, something of the work, the day Below him lay the valley, the wind- against the misty darkness between

He was young, apparently about ly, while a black muzzle with a small white patch nosed his elbow aside.

John Daily?" It was a call that demanded, not a

From the head of the nearest table featured, loose joints banded together by steel sinews, rose lumberingly,

"I'm him" he said. The man in the door brought his eyes sharply to focus on his face, reading it with lightning rapidity.

I put my horse?"

There was a startled silence after down and blew out the light ejaculation went from face to face up the rain was dripping from the caves ar I down the tables. Then John Datly showed why he was the best foreman in that region. He got himself loose from the end beach and walked over to the door

"All right, Mr .- ?" He waited easily, as if it was per feetly natural for strangers to drop from a hilltop and announce themselves the ruling power of the country or more strictly speaking one of the ruling powers, for there were two.

er Sandry-from New York." "Come in, Mr. Sandry-you're just

Daily turned back to the lighted

"Siletz, give Mr. Sandry my place shed for tonight. Tomorrow we'll fix tated. things in better shape."

The saw-filer, an important person ge and one to be conciliated, frowned voice, "it's yours now. John'll move in his plate, but the foreman had lost sight of him. He reached out a huge hard hand and took the bridle-rein from the newcomer.

Already this man was standing inside the rude building, with a high made itself feit in the most stolid nature present. He glanced down the attributes of service and surrounding, seemed to hesitate. Then he laid his rebellion, he made no sign. hat on the small table, walked round man in the room felt it; and one of feet laced trimly into miniature boots. those strange sensations of portent The latter were even full of small communicated itself to them, as when steel caulks. the everyday affairs of life come to a turn in the road.

Daily's was on the eve of a change The girl was putting a thick, white plate, hot from boiling water, before him, deftly taying the simple cutlery. pushing back an intruding dish. There was an air of detachment about her. No portion of her garments touched him. She was always so, aloof in a quiet way. Now, as she you'd rather just loaf aroundtended the stranger silently, one of her long braids slipped over her shouldozen pairs of eyes saw the action.

"Hell!" murmured a man at the other side in mild arresement.

But not even the importance of the arrival of the Dillingworth Lumber the face with an aimost palpable company could keep silent this bunch touch. It lay close to the earth of men from the ends of the carth

wherever fancy and the lumber camps its enshrouding whiteness a lantern led them through the mountains and gleamed faintly across the slough the big woods, contented in this place or moving on, bound by no rules, as in getting up steam and the donkey dependent and unholdable as the very | showed a red throat for an instant as

in three minutes the laughter was by the solid clink of cook-shack dishes. to the rollway. the claster of knives for the most part Walter Sandry was forgotten or mountain meadow which gave back nassed over.

lanked by hone-handled knives and scarf, beautifully clean, the froned could hear his footsteps. The forethe lamp lay a pink-lipped conch shell and a Bible.

Sandry looked longest at the Bible zical, weary smile.

he noticed that it was greatly worn, the latter of whom hung out of the

"Motherhood," he said half aloud, "It's my one comfort." Ma was wont man with wifite bair? One who has



It Was a Call That Demanded.

separated at the tragic record of King David and the words of that ancient father-heart stared up at him. "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!" vital in his hands while he stared into the flame of the lamp with knit brows and twitching lips.

It was as if the fateful cry had touched some sore spot in his heart, set throbbing some half-healed pain. remorse darkened his expressive face

It was cold in the little room and

## CHAPTER III.

The Wondrous Hills at Dawn.

He was awakened next morning by the thunder of heavily shod men storm ing in from the bunkhouse. The smell of cooking was in the air and the crack under his door showed lamp light.

The rain was still dripping softly from the eaves. As Sandry came into "Sandry," finished the other, "Wal- the eating room the old woman of the kitchen was looking over the crowd of men as impersonally as he himself had done the night before, with a poise as assured and a subtle force as strongly indicated

Her bright, old eyes, blue as his larrison. I'll have to take your filing own, met his lifted glance as he hest-

"Set down in the place you had last night, Mr. Sandry," she said in a rich

down a notch." She went back into the mysterious region of pies and doughnuts, and Sandry was conscious of a slight feeling of wonder. He was already taken in as one of the family in a subtle

double line of faces and for a second. If he took his place among these just a fractional, fleeting moment, rough men with an inward tremor of Again the girl he had met on the bench and sat down. He was in place, was clad in the same sort of blue flanand a vague feeling of adjustment, of nel shirt the men wore, with a red solidity, accompanied him, as if he tie under the turndown collar and a was there, as he said, to stay. Every rather short blue skirt showing her

> It was still dark when the loggers trooped out into the fine rain. John Daily came to him.

"Now, what would you like. Mr. Sandry?" he asked. "Will you come tato the hills with us, or would you rather ing torn open. rest around camp? You come a long ways, I guess."

"Yes. From New York," "I was thinkin' yesterday mebby

"Yesterday? Did you expect me?" "Oh, yes, I got a letter from Mr der and fell across his hand. He drew Frazer last week. He said the comaway from the contact sharply and a pany had made a change and I might

"I think I'll go about," said Sandry Outside it was tresh and slightly | tralia

sluggish wonster spread down in the They were free lances, tollowing valleys as if for warmth. Through

Aiready the little locomotive was

McDonald shoved in more wood. From ahead came shouts and a sweeping guarity again, accompanied laugh or two as the men straggled up

There were five cabins set around ed as very adequate shovels, and on the edge of the small, sloping ground for Daily's camp; and in all An hour later he stood alone in the the windows lights were gleaming. In middle of a finy room at the south one cabin a door opened and a man of the building, looking fixedly at the came out, stopping a moment on the yellow flame of a glass hand-lamp ou sill to reach up and kiss a woman, a stand. Under the lamp was a woolly who stood silhouetted against the mat of bright red yarn, a wonderful light, when the door closed and Sancreation-under that a thin, white dry could not see the man, though be

"They's a foot-log here," he said. "tidewater slough "Tain't deep"

They stopped at the foot of the beside the lamp and presently he took | ridge where the donkey, the rollway it up curiously, fingering it with a quiz- and the track terminal huddled against the bold uplift, and Dally in Its edges were thin and frayed and troduced him to Hastings and Murphy Walter Sandry smiled and glanced window of his diminutive cab and peered at the stranger out of laughing eyes whose forbears had twinkled "Is there nowhere a father?-a dear on Denegal's blue bay and Erin's red old chap of the earth, a gentle old cheeked daughters with impartial joy.

"Ah. Misther Dillingworth," he said "Sandry, Murphy," caught up Daily

easily, yet with a warning note. "Shure! Sandry 'tis! Excuse me. Misther Sandry, but ain't th' scenery

foine? "What I've seen, yes, Murphy," an swered Sandry after a slight pause As he turned after Daily the trishmar. stuck his tongue in the corner of his lips and drummed a minute on the sill, the broad smile lessening on his

"An' phat d'ye know about thot?" he asked retrospectively of the fog. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### LEARN WAY TO MAKE LIVING

Good Advice for All Women Was That Tendered at Woman's Club at Pittsburgh.

A woman of wealth, but who is nevortheless identified with civic work and is a practicing lawyer, lately gave a talk before a Pittsburgh mothers club. Here is a part of what she

There is one question to which every woman ought to be able to an swer Yes, It is this: "Can you earn a living if you should need to do?"

if there is one lesson more than another that has been emphasized in retheir anguish. With a snap he closed cent years it is that the entrained a giant of a man, easy natured, tax the book, holding it tightly clasped in suffer most when a pinch comes. An other tesson that is most sufficiently understood is that there is practical ty no security in fortune.

Be prepared, is advice for a woman as well as for a nation. Train your daughters, you mothers, to something For a moment a shadow as of a vague that will pay a return sufficient at least for a livelihood. It can do no his lips and he laid the Bible gently ference between happiness and misery

There is nothing more pathetic than the sight of some unfortunate woman. brought up to a competency and utterly unprepared to support nerself. who has been suddenly reduced to poverty. We all know some such woman Pottering along at things that are of no real use, at work given by pitying it ends or strangers, more or less dazed by contact with a world that is foreige to ner, sinking little by little to meaner surroundings and more desperate makeshifts, she at last disappears, sucked under in the macistrom she has neither the strength nor

the training to resist. Surely you don't want to run even the faintest chance of becoming such a derelict, you don't want your daughters to run any such risk. So be prepared. Be fit for somethrag, trained to something, ready to take hold if you must. Know at least one thing so well that people will be glad to pay you for doing it. He able to say Yes it the world should ask you if you can return fair value for a living It is the surest of human safeguards

lodine for Treating Wounds. Many inquiries reach the editor of this page on how best to apply iodine headed air of force, of personality that way, and it did not quite suit him to to a cut or abrasion in order to prebe so. If he missed certain lifelong vent it from becoming infected. One of the most convenient methods is to use a stick impregnated with lodine These can be obtained at any drug store. They come in bunches packed twenty in a small glass tube. The to Daily's empty seat, swung a leather farther side of the mountain tended tip of each stick has a head like a puttee and a well-built shoe over the in silence, a triffe more aloof. She match, made of resublimated lodine 60 per cent, and todide of potassium 40 per cent. This when dipped in water liberates an average 10 per cent solution which should be applied freely to the cut and left to dry

In using todine it is essential to remember that no wet dressing may be applied. Exposure to the air will do no harm, and the sore should be covered only when there is danger of it being trritated by coming in contact with foreign bodies and thus be-

Scientists Interested in Fing. At a recent scientific gathering, Pro essors Edgeworth, David and Wilson described a completely mineralized human skull found near Warwick, in the Darling Downs of Queensiand, It probably dates from a period when the great fossil marsopisis were still 3v ing, and is earlier than any other by man remains bitherto found in Au-

# MANAGEMENT OF SMALL APPLE ORCHARD



Heavy Load of Snow Apples in Michigan Orchard.

By M. C. BURRITT. United States Department of Agriculture in Farmers' Bull-letin 491.) able requires either a good demand in the local market or exceptionally

the United States there are large in a more distant market. Much the numbers of small apple orchards. In same is true of odd or uncommon varimany sections there is scarcely a farm which has not its small home orchard. These orchards vary in size from a few trees to several acres. They were planted mainly for the purpose of having a home source of supply of this excellent and popular fruit. In most cases they were not intend- tively unknown in the markets and ed as commercial plantings nor was the fruit grown for sale. They were make a variety worth renovating, then, planted in order to have apples to eat it should be fair to good quality; atduring the long winter evenings, to tractive; a fair or, better, prolific promake the famous apple pies, and to ducer; a good keeper and shipper; lay in a stock of sweet cider and and in good demand at good prices vinegar.

Farmers of earlier days knew little of scientific orchard management and | tempted, cared less. It was sufficient for them to know that the trees lived, grew, and eventually bore fruit. Not being a source of income, the orchard was naturally left to take care of itself. As a result, where the conditions were favorable some very good trees were grown, but where they were unfavorable the trees became stunted, scrubby, diseased, and unproductive. As rule set too thick, they grew up in the air, the lower limbs died or were pruned off to get them out of the way, and high-headed, al-

most unreachable trees were the re- to the returns from those better situsult. The trees usually stood in sod, ated. The renovation of orchards at and in most of these orchards the a considerable distance from the railhay was cut and removed or the grass road, with poor highways and poor pastured off. In many places the regular rotation of crops was fol- inaccessible places will not prove as lowed in the orchard. Too often it profitable as the renovation of orwas planted on the poorest soil, site



Apple Tree Killed by Meadow Mice.

and location on the farm, and received little or no care. Is it any wonder that these orchards have become unprofitable, not to say unsightly?

The old apple orchard, be it 20 trees or 200, may form an important source of income on the general farm. An effort should be made to make this unit a productive one and so to rejuvenate and care for these old trees that they will contribute as much as they are able to the net farm in-

Profitable Renovation.

It usually will not pay to renovate orchards composed largely of worthless or very poor varieties. Nothing is to be gained by increasing the yield or grade of a variety which cannot readily be sold in the open market at a good price. When trees of such varieties, however, are not too old-not more than thirty years-and are in fairly good vigor, they often may be top-worked to advantage. The best method of doing this is by cleft-grafting in early spring. Under favorable conditions a tree may be changed from a poor variety to a desirable one, and made to bear truit in from three to

er it will pay to renovate summer make renovation of these trees profit- readily accessible in the dairy stable,

Throughout the humid regions of good transportation to and demand eties.

Some the the characteristics which make a variety poor are unattractiveness in shape, size or color; inferior quality; lack of hardiness in tree or fruit, making them subject to disease; small production; and being comparatherefore not in good demand. To in the market. All these factors should be considered before renovation is at-

Unfavorable Conditions,

An apple orchard set on a wet soil which cannot be readily drained is worthless. Trees set on noor soils require too much fertilization to get them in shape to allow of much profit. Trees growing on soils that are too dry or leachy are less amenable to renovation. In like manner orchards located in frost pockets, at elevations too low or too high, or sites too much exposed, or on slopes too warm or too cold will not pay returns on the money spent in renovating them equal shipping facilities, and in isolated and chards in better locations. In short, orchards in sites or locations which are naturally unfavorable to apple growing will be more expensive to renovate and less profitable in the end, and, in fact, may not give any profitable returns because of these ad-

verse conditions. Four important steps must be taken in the improvement of the general farm orchard. These steps are practically the same as those which would be employed in the average orchard under normal conditions. With but little modification, the methods to be outlined may be continued after renovation. These are: (1) Pruning, (2) fertilization, (3) cultivation, and (4)

spraying. A general outline of work or a plan of campaign may be briefly summa-

rized as follows: (1) If the orchard is and has been in sod for a number of years, plow in the fall about four inches deep. If not, plow either in late fall or early spring.

(2) During the winter put on from 12 to 15 loads of barnyard manure per acre, or one load to from three to five trees. Another plan is to apply in the spring 100 to 244 pounds of nitrate of soda, 300 to 500 pounds of acid phosphate, and 150 to 300 pounds

of sulphate or muriate of potash. (3) In the winter or in early spring before growth starts, cut out all dead and diseased wood from the tree, head back the highest limbs, and then the branches to admit sunlight.

(4) Apply 1,500 to 2,000 pounds of lime per acre and work it and the manure or fertilizer into the soil thoroughly with a disk harrow or springtooth harrow. Keep up this cultivation until midsummer.

(5) After cultivation ceases for the season, sow a cover or green-manure crop to plow under the following spring. Clover is one of the best leguminous crops in the North, while cowpeas are widely used in widdle latitudes and in the South. For a nonleguminous crop rye is the most extensively used, though buckwheat is commonly used in some sections of the North.

(6) Spray the trees in accordance with the directions given in government and state publications on this subject.

Cleanliness in Dairy Barn. The milker should "emember always that he is handling a human food which is very easily contaminated. apples in the northern states. To Soap, clean water and towels must be